the pain. Then he was back in the darkness & the driving storm. But a sweet girlish voice said, "Poor thing, are you hurt?" & I saw a dim figure bending over me. I said —

"I only stopped not a minute. I was not meaning any harm, please. I am going away, now."

The girl said —

"Going away? Where? Do you live in the village?"

"No, please."

"Then where are you going, such a night as this?"

"I don't know."

"What! Have'nt you any ~~places~~ place to stay?"

"No."

"Nor any friends?"

"No."

"Yes you have!"

"Where?" ~~Where?~~

"There — in the house — my father's house. We are your friends. Come."

She helped me up, & tried to lead me towards the door, whereat I was very glad for a moment, but then straightway afraid again. So I said —

"Please let me go away, & I will not come any more. Honest, I will not."

But it was no use. The girl dragged me into the house, ~~&~~ expecting nothing else but to be hustled out again the next moment. But it was not so. The whole